

Something to Help You Cool Down by Carrera_os

Series: [HarringroveApril Prompts 2021 \[15\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Food Kink, Hand Jobs, M/M, Masturbation, Nipple Play, Popsicles, Robin Buckley has a Crush on Carol Perkins, Semi-Public Sex, Showers, Steve Harrington Has a Crush on Billy Hargrove

Language: English

Characters: Background & Cameo Characters, Billy Hargrove, Carol Perkins, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Robin Buckley/Carol Perkins

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-30

Updated: 2021-06-30

Packaged: 2022-03-31 13:35:42

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,222

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Day 17 Popsicle

-

“I thought you said Hargrove didn’t work today?” Robin asks, eyes at the end of the pool.

“He dose-” Steve trails off as he swivels his eyes to the other end of the pool where Billy Hargrove is coming down off of the lifeguard stand as Heather waits to take over for him. Steve feels panic rising as he watches Billy’s thick thighs as he descends the ladder, red trunks hugging his ass tightly, making his mouth dry and a flush rise over his skin that absolutely has nothing to do with the sun.

Something to Help You Cool Down

Author's Note:

Day Seventeen Popsicle from the Harringrove April Prompts

Something to Help You Cool Down

Steve would rather be in his air conditioned house laying around watching cartoons and getting high but the kids had shown up and disturbed his peace entirely too early this morning. They baited him with asking to use his pool knowing damn well what the answer would be, Steve does not let anyone use that thing, not since the upside down opened in it and swallowed Barb whole. They do not stop nagging, too lazy to just ride their bikes to the public pool and using his annoyance to get him to agree to go with them.

Steve would not give in on most days but it is Wednesday and he happens to know Billy does not work today, information he has garnered from working at the ice cream shop, over hearing the local mom talk about the new hot lifeguard. He still does not really want to go but it is a little more appealing knowing he will not have to deal with Billy in his tiny red shorts. Steve has seen him in those shorts around town and he does not need a closer inspection, even if his dreams are filled with them.

It takes surprisingly little effort to convince Robin to come along, flushing and trying to ignore her teasing about Billy and his stupid crush with the kids in earshot of his side of the conversation. "He's not even working today." He hisses, getting a side eye from Max and Dustin, both immediately suspicious.

“Oh, does Robin have a crush on Billy, no wonder she doesn’t like you. YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN BILLY ROBIN!” Dustin comes to the wrong conclusion, yelling the last part even though he was already talking loud enough that Robin could hear all of his previous words even over her own cackling. Steve huffs, holding the phone away from his ear as she keeps laughing and he tries to ignore Max still giving him that *look*, worried maybe she is jumping to the right conclusion.

The kids are starting to give him a headache by the time he picks her up, Robin sliding into the car only for Dustin to start up a thinly veiled ‘*Steve is better than Billy*’ conversation with Robin. Steve really regrets telling her about his ever growing crush on Billy Hargrove sometimes and right now her just egging Dustin on is definitely one of them. He is so thankful by the time they get to the pool that he does not even bat an eye as he ends up forking over money for all of the kids and Robin to gain entry, most of whom conveniently forgot to bring money.

“Is that Carol?” Robin’s voice does this funny high pitch thing that catches Steve’s attention as they enter the fenced in area of the pool, moving around the place to find pool chairs to lounge on as the kids run ahead of them already half out of their clothes. He follows her eye line to see Carol by herself with a few open chairs around her, skin going a little pink in the sunshine. When she lowers her sunglasses and waves, Steve does so back before heading over. Since her break up with Tommy they have been friendly again. “Did you know she was going to be here?” Robin hisses, catching his arm, something like panic in her voice, cheeks ruddy and Steve knows it is not from the heat.

“Nope” Steve pops the p as he keeps walking, Robin trying to pull him back but all she ends up doing is looking silly when she trips as her flip flop catches on a crack and she stumbles into Steve’s back nearly sending them both into the pool.

“Good job dingus!” She hisses like it is his fault, face even redder as she stomps off to the seat next to Carol. Steve just rolls his eyes and follows after, trying not to laugh as Carol convinces Robin to help her apply sunscreen and Robin’s face may never turn a normal shade again.

“Hey Carol, how have you been?” Steve asks as he smooths out a towel on a chair to their right, shouting when the kids come by and dump their stuff on his chair before jumping into the pool sprinkling all of them with water. “Fucking assholes” Steve grumbles under his breath. They make idle chit chat, Robin awkwardly getting a few words out every now and then, choking when Carol offers to return the favor and apply sunscreen to her back as well.

Steve applies his own sunscreen without any need of assistance before dumping the kids' things on an empty chair and laying out. “You should give her a break Carol.” Steve says when Robin runs off to get the two of them popsicles after Carol mentions wanting on.

“I’m just having some fun Stevie.” She says, Steve giving a little shrug.

“Just kiss her or something so she at least knows you like her.” He insists he does not want Robin to suffer too much even if she is always teasing him.

“Easier said than done baby, every time I try she finds a reason to run off, I’m beginning to think she doesn’t like me.” Carol simpers with a big smile well aware that, that is not the case.

“Could just yah know tell her.” Steve says, Carol dropping her sunglasses down her nose to give him an unimpressed look.

“Where’s the fun in that?” She asks with a smirk, red painted nail coming up over her lips in a shush motion as Robin comes back with two slightly dripping popsicles. “Thanks sugar.” Carol grins as Robin’s face, having returned to a somewhat normal shade, goes full on red again as she sucks on the ice pop and nodes her head.

“I thought you said Hargrove didn’t work today?” Robin asks, eyes at the end of the pool.

“He dose-” Steve trails off as he swivels his eyes to the other end of the pool where Billy Hargrove is coming down off of the lifeguard stand as Heather waits to take over for him. Steve feels panic rising as he watches Billy’s thick thighs as he descends the ladder, red trunks hugging his ass tightly, making his mouth dry and a flush rise over his skin that absolutely has nothing to do with the sun.

“Oh god, why is he so hot.” Steve says before panic sets in as Billy catches him looking, Robin and Carol both laughing as he quickly stands with a little whimper of “I have to go!” and no further explanation. Steve wants to die as he hurries toward the locker room, his shorts going much too tight, dick half hard just from the sight of Billy. It is uncomfortable and not just because he is embarrassed but because his shorts were already on the wrong side of too tight before he started getting hard, he has not bothered to get a new swimsuit in years, a decision he is now regretting.

He just needs a minute to cool down, for the heat of his body and his

dick to lower, needs to get himself under control and a freezing shower should do the trick. Steve crashes into the locker room, lockers in the middle, toilets to the left and to the right the shower stalls that people rarely use, doors separating the three rooms from one another. No one is in the locker room or the showers as Steve makes his way in, eyes slowly adjusting to the low light, sweat pricking at his skin, none of it is helping him get any sort of control.

He wanders all the way to the back of the room, crashing into the last stall past the flimsy plastic shower curtain, throwing his hands out wildly as it clings to his heated skin. Steve rests his head against the warm tile, damp with condensation that never seems to disappear from these walls as he turns the shower on, tossing the nob all the way to the right hoping for relief. The water stutters in the pipes for a few minutes before the spray hits him and it is warm and uncomfortable, slowly, slowly cooling as it flattens Steve's hair matting it to his skin, sliding down over him and still doing nothing to help except adding water to the growing problem of his shorts, making them cling even tighter to his dick.

The water tempers to lukewarm at best and Steve just stays there under it willing his dick to go down but images of Billy and his abs and ass and his mouth doing that stupid tongue thing keep flashing behind his eyes. Steve groans as his dick throbs, fills out and god his shorts are too tight but he does not want to give in, afraid if he touches himself to remove the pants he will not be able to keep his hand off his dick. Steve flinches as he hears the loud resounding crack of the doors slamming open, ignores it, kids are always doing that shit.

The door closes just as hard a second time and Steve hears footsteps walking through the room, ignoring them too. He closes his eyes and tries to will the world away, trying to think of demodogs to get his boner down. He jumps and turns as the little plastic curtain right behind him is thrown open with a "Hey Harrington."

Steve gulps as he sees Billy standing there, hip leaned against the little wall that separates this stall from the next, looking just as good as he did out in the sun, holding a popsicle just starting to melt. "Can I help you?" Steve hisses, trying for annoyed and wanting desperately to drop his hands and cover his obvious bulge but he resists sure that will just draw Billy's eyes right to it. He desperately hopes that the darkness of the shadow he is in will be enough to hide it as Billy's eyes slide down his body. He feels his flush reheating as they track up and down him.

"You looked *heated* and I figured you needed something to help you cool down" The way Billy says heated while his eyes are definitely on his dick, makes it give a little kick, makes Steve let out an embarrassing sound, god he just wants to hide. Steve is looking at everything but Billy now, trying to come up with something to say, something to help him save face. Nothing is coming to mind.

Steve gasps caught off guard when something cold and sticky wet touches his mouth, eyes going big as Billy presses the popsicle in past his parted lips "Don't bite." He makes a noise around his mouth full, feels like he is burning up belly full of lava dick throbbing as Billy eases the ice pop in and out of his mouth. "Good boy." Billy grins, free hand stroking over Steve's cheek, catching a drop of cherry red leaking from the corner of his mouth.

Steve's mind is muddy, what the fuck is happening, this is surreal. His eyes are hooked on Billy's hand as he pulls it back thumb stained red from the cherry more leaking out of Steve's mouth as he tries to swallow, Billy shoves the popsicle in deeper making him let out a little choking moan around it. He can smell the sweet scent of it over the chlorine in the air, cherry dripping down his throat, as Billy drags it over his tongue again, still so cold and melting fast in the heat of his mouth.

“Is it good pretty boy?” Billy asks and Steve wonders if he has heat stroke and this is all a hallucination as he watches Billy suck his thumb into his mouth, eyes boring into Steve as he moans around it. “Think I need another taste” Billy drags the ice pop from his mouth and Steve thinks Billy is going to suck it into his own mouth, eager to see it happen, except it does not.

Billy presses close, the firm heat of him pressing Steve closer to the wall, Billy’s hair going darker and clinging to him as he moves under the water. Steve gasps around the heat of Billy’s tongue as he presses it into his mouth, lips locked together, a contrast to the ice cold. It takes Steve a second to respond shocked that Billy Hargrove would ever kiss him but not about to pass it up as he gets his brain back online enough to kiss back.

“Why?” Steve asks as Billy breaks away, immediately regretting it, afraid he has gone and ruined it and now Billy is going to laugh in his face. Billy pulls back a little more with an amused little smirk and one eyebrow raised in question. Steve huffs out a sigh, fists clenched at his sides as he decides to push on, in for a penny, in for a pound. “Why are you kissing me?”

Steve flinches back a little when Billy laughs, assumes the worst until that popsicle is back, it is a drippy wet mess as Billy rubs it over his lips “Pretty boy I’ve been hitting on you from day one, Carol suggested I may need a more direct approach.” Billy says before he is leaning back in and catching Steve’s sticky mouth before he can get out some reply that will only make him look dumb, he is more than happy for Billy’s tongue to quiet him.

Billy pulls back again and the popsicle is right there sliding into his

mouth, cherry sweet dripping over his tongue and down his throat as Billy slides it in and out. "Need a hand?" Billy asks, his own tented shorts clinging from the water as he presses up against Steve's bulge.

Billy grins licking over his lips as Steve moans and gives the tiniest of nods, the best he can do with Billy still using the shrinking popsicle to fuck his mouth. It is hot as hell and Steve has got so much heat building in his belly as he slurps at the pop in his mouth trying to swallow all the juice and failing, as it drips down his chin. Billy slides his shorts down one handed just enough for his cock to spring free and then does the same to Steve making him buck and moan around the popsicle.

"Hello King Steve" Billy says with an appreciative whistle and it makes Steve's cock kick and his flush darken. "Knew you had a pretty dick but it's even prettier hard." Billy praises moving closer, his own thick wet cock sliding against Steve's, pre dripping from both of them, quickly diluted from the shower spraying them down.

Steve groans around his mouth full as Billy wraps a hand around the both of them, slick hand gliding over their cock. "Can't be too loud pretty boy, someone might hear you and come looking." Honestly Steve is surprised no one has already, every sound sort of echoes in here.

Billy slides the nearly gone ice pop from between Steve's lips tossing it to the ground without a care before sliding three fingers in Steve's mouth with a cheeky little "Something to keep you quiet." Steve gives him a little glare even as his tongue curls around those fingers, hand reaching up and pinching Billy's nipple making his head fall forward as he muffles a groan in Steve's shoulder.

“Do it again.” Billy rasps teeth nibbling at Steve’s skin and it is his turn to moan, the sound muffled by Billy’s fingers as he gives Billy’s nipple another pinch. He gets another noise of encouragement and brings his other hand up, twisting them both, making his own sound as Billy bits down against his neck and his hand strokes them faster.

“Yeah fuck.” Billy kisses up his neck while Steve’s hands keep playing with his nipples, Billy nipping each time he presses his mouth close to muffle a moan. “There’s so much I want to do with you,” Steve makes a noise of agreement around Billy’s fingers as he whispers in his ear. “Will you let me? Can’t right now not enough time, just enough to take the edge off but after I get off?” Billy asks, moaning as Steve digs his nails in a little, nodding as best he can because he cannot get words out.

“Good,” Billy kisses his cheek before mouthing back down back down to his neck, hand going a little tighter as he picks up the pace of his hand “I’ll be over after work.” Billy starts sucking at his skin again and Steve knows there is going to be a bruise for the whole of Hawkins to see but he could not care less. He keeps rolling Billy’s nipples between his fingers with the occasional pinch and pull as the heat builds in him.

Billy gives another sharp nip as Steve’s balls are drawing up and then he is spilling all over Billy’s hand and dick, it is only a second later that Billy’s cum is covering them too. Billy does not remove his fingers from Steve’s mouth until his hand leaves their dicks, panting into one another’s mouths before Billy catches Steve’s face in both hands and drags him into a slow heated kiss.

Steve is lax and loose and fucking wet as he steps out into the midday heat, the sun blinding him as he makes his way over to Robin and Carol both giving him looks like they know exactly what he has been up to. Robin looks a little disgusted and Carol looks like she is ready to drag him away and ask for details. Steve ignores the both of them flopping down onto his chair ready for a nap.

He is almost there, on the cusp of sleep thankfully Robin and Carol are both more interested in flirting with each other than his love life, when a shadow falls over him and something cold and sweat drips on his cheek startling him back to wakefulness. He is expecting to find Dustin hovering over him with some demand, not Max holding a cherry red popsicle that immediately makes the memory of the last popsicle he had flash before his eyes.

“Billy told me to give you this,” Max says with a thinly veiled look of disgust, she rolls her eyes before adding “and to remind you that you have plans tonight so you’d better not forget.” Steve goes red, mouth opening and closing as he tries to think of some excuse to tell her, a little shocked sound leaving him, flushing nearly as red as the ice pop when Max shoves it in his mouth with a “I don’t want to know.”

Steve is quick to flip over to his stomach as he catches Billy watching him licking over his lips. Carol is laughing behind him and Robin lets out a “They’re going to be so gross together.” Steve keeps ignoring them, sucking on his ice pop, making a show of it like it is a dick, watching Billy squirm up on the lifeguard stand as Steve hides his own boner against the pool chair.

-End

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>